

The
Frances Shimer
Record

December, 1914

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is the most sincere wish of the *Record* for her contributors, subscribers, and friends!

"Christmas vacation is almost here!" How often during the next three weeks shall we hear it! The days, short between September and Thanksgiving, stretch out now to an incredible length while our holidays are still to come; but how this "incredible length" will shrink when we are once at home! Familiar events will occur and link themselves with the old; our association with old friends will run on as smoothly as ever; we shall think back upon the day when we left for school in that far-away September which now seems only yesterday. Today the anticipated pleasures of Christmas vacation loom into mountains of excitement; once in the midst of them our good times back in F.S.S., the real enjoyment which we found in our work will prove pleasant to look back upon. So, may we all leave school with a kind remembrance for the last three months, and a comforting satisfaction in our work well done, an anticipation of a happy vacation, and a keen eagerness for the "after Christmas" in F.S.S.

Diablerets

BY CELESTINE M. DAHMEN

The yellow post-wagon, carrying both mail and passengers, was slowly wending its way up the steep mountain side, when suddenly, at a turn in the road, three beautiful snow mountain peaks were revealed. They were the Diablerets Mountains, and the post-wagon was bound for the village of the same name lying at their foot.

Although this village, Diablerets, is quite a favorite mountain resort, it has not as yet been marred by trains, funiculaires, and restaurants, and therein lies one-half its charm. How much preferable are yellow post-wagons to dirty smoky trains! mountain ascents on foot to funiculaire rides!

Diablerets is a beautiful place. High up on a small plateau it lies, walled in on every side by mountains so that its many little chalets seem like the leaves left by some giant in his tea-cup. Forming this cup we have on one side, towering up in the gleaming whiteness of sun-sparkled snow and ice, the three peaks which heralded to us the proximity of the village. On either side, like dark portieres, are two pine-covered mountains; and below come bright green hills which add to the rich color variety. Then, at the farther end and closing up this "tea-cup brim," there is a high range of mountains, entirely of rock, which, when the sun so chooses, are transformed into a glory of pink as if they were mammoth beads of coral. Above, as the canopy to the beautiful village of Diablerets, we see "Artist Nature's" finishing touch, that deep profound blue sky of Switzerland!

"Curiosity Killed Not Only the Cat but Also the Dog"

BY MARY W. BRIGHAM

Scene, single room at a girls' boarding-school; time, an hour after "lights-out" bell. Darkness prevails, while through the window, at the right center, gleams the pale light of a waning moon, which brings into prominence a swinging shelf. This case is full of playthings: every known animal, a Santa Claus in a snow-white costume, "Julius Caesar," a billiken who has had the misfortune of many falls, and as a consequence is one mass of patches, a fat man and a thin lady who seem to be talking seriously over some vital question, and many other interesting personages. The two objects of prominence are a pious-looking gray kitty with a conspicuous red ribbon around her neck and a mischievous brown china pup, who are talking to one another in a low whisper. Then—

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Pup (in a low boyish voice): Well, what do you think about it?
Puss: Sh!!

Pup: Dear Puss, do you realize we have been standing here for over a year, and yet have never had a real talk?

Puss: Well, I'm sure I have tried my best, but it wasn't my fault we were separated all summer, you tucked away in the bureau drawer, and I on the closet shelf. I declare, that was a lonesome summer.

Pup: Well, I'm mighty glad you cared too; it helps some. But, really, this stationary life is getting so monotonous. I wonder what is down on the lower shelf that appears so attractive to all the girls.

Puss (softly): Sh! I heard her turn over.

Pup (aside): She sounds like that funny thing they call a radiator, which stands over there in the corner. (*Aloud*) They never pay any attention to us, not even to dust us every week, as they should.

Puss (indignantly): Just because I am a cat, they never think it necessary to clean me.

Pup: Never mind, dear Puss, we're not the only ones who are neglected, for even the old Jap who is forever saying his prayers appears to have gray hair from the dust.

Pup (returning to his previous subject): Let's just satisfy our curiosity and peep over the edge and see what is down on the lower shelf.

Puss: But, Pup, that is a very dangerous plan.

Pup (straightening up as best he can): I'm big enough to protect you. I am detemined to see, and you are going with me.

Puss: I am afraid you are going too far just to satisfy curiosity, but of course if you think best it must be all right.

Pup: Come on, Puss; no matter what happens we will always stick together.

With this they creep toward the edge, Pup in the lead with Puss close behind. Together they bend over with inquisitive expressions on their faces. Pup ventures a trifle too far and falls headlong. With a tiny cry Puss, true to her little lover, follows after him. A crash is heard, and on the floor below can be seen only bits of broken china—a result of curiosity.

A Moonlight Gallop

By JOSEPHINE OGDEN

It was a clear frosty evening in the early fall and the moon shed its lustrous radiance on the stubble fields. The night was the sort which makes one feel exhilarated and glad to be alive in the great out of doors.

The smooth broad roadway stretched invitingly away like a bridal ribbon, past slumbering farms. Occasionally a light twinkled through the thick foliage in the yards or perhaps a wakeful dog rendered his nightly solo. The very horses seemed to have imbibed the spirit of the night and wheeled and champed their bits impatient to be off. We gave rein and they needed no urging to break into that swift, smooth, rocking motion so delightful to an equestrienne. Their hoofbeats rang out in sharp metallic music on the still air. Past orchards and farms, over and under railway tracks we sped on, drinking in the beauty of the night and that of the gently rolling hills. The sweet earthy smell of the country fields filled our nostrils.

Faster and faster flew the flying hoofs; quicker and quicker grew the musical beats. The vivifying sound brought back the memory of a former wild gallop in the night, following the hounds at a never-to-be-forgotten fox hunt in "Ole Virginia." I could almost hear the baying of the hounds and the "Tally Ho!" come ringing through the night. At last we were forced to turn back as the horses flanks gleamed and their breath came too rapidly. As they had done their part nobly, we were most kindly disposed and slowed down to a walk during the homeward trip, enjoying to the fullest the full moon and the crisp air.

The Old Man of the Mountain

By MARY W. BRIGHAM

We had just left the Profile House, a wonderful hotel in the midst of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, when our chauffeur informed us we were nearing the long-anticipated sight—a glimpse of the real "old man of the mountain." Many times in our schoolbooks we had read of the "Great Stone Face" which Hawthorne pictured so vividly, with little Ernest seated at the door of his home watching every passing stranger to find a likeness to the old man whose profile he could so distinctly descry against the blue of the sky. And now I was really to see him! We all were very much excited when we found before us at the crossroads a regular blockade of machines and carriages. A huge pine marked the center of the road, on which was a sign with a hand pointing to the "old man of the mountain" on our left. All faces were upturned, absorbing every feature of the scene. And it was truly an impressive picture. The trees by the road seemed to have parted just to give us a glimpse of his visage, and to serve as a border to our picture. Then far in the background rose the mountain banked with deep foliage, until at its summit projected huge rocks which curiously formed a face

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as perfect as if carved by human hands. Everyone gazed spellbound as if fascinated by this marvelous work of nature. This was the sight which had drawn so many people from miles around and which so completely held their attention. After a few moments of perfect enjoyment, reluctantly we started for "The Flume," leaving behind a spectacle which had made an everlasting impression on the minds of all.



Hallowe'en Party

By JULIA CARROLL

Did you ever go to give anyone a warm handclasp and then find yourself gripping what feels like the limp clammy hand of a dead man? If you have, you have experienced the same feeling that we did when we entered the gym Saturday night. But worse yet, when we walked farther in we found ourselves treading on some "mushy, squishy" thing that gave us the "creeps" all over. Once inside, we found things pleasanter. A pretty little gypsy told our fortunes and a tall, solemn-looking witch poured us delicious-tasting cider from her caldron. Pumpkin faces, with a wonderful variety of features, stared at us from all sides, but we did not mind them as long as we had the quaint "Rogers Silver Ad" girl, the "Jap Rose Soap" girls, and the comical Gold Dust Quartet to distract our attention. Then there were the music and the dancing. Can you imagine a coquettish Grape Juice girl dancing with the solemn Quaker Oats man? It was funny to see. And then can you imagine pale tottery ghosts eating perfectly substantial doughnuts and pumpkin pie?



Thanksgiving Day

Program

Basket-Ball Game	9:30 A.M.
Chapel Service	12 M.
Two selections by the Glee club	
Address by Dean McKee	
Dinner	1:30 P.M.
Entertainment in College Hall by Freshman College class	3:30 P.M.
"Prom" in College Hall	6:30 P.M.

The Dean's Address

Gratitude is "a sense of appreciation of favors received with good will toward the benefactor." It is more than emotion. The test of it is action. If this day passes with mere pleasure in receiving we miss its chief value.

Thanksgiving Day may be used to suggest the value to us of certain somewhat commonplace advantages which often are taken for granted, rather than realized.

We should be deeply grateful if we have work to do. The conception of labor as a burden to be borne is passing. Work turns the mind from itself; brings a sense of achievement and so of usefulness, and adds to the common stock of good. Work is the great medium of self-development. The more we do, the more we can do. It is almost true to say that the secret of happiness lies in having work to do. It is for us to look upon the idle, not with envy, but rather with pity. The workers are the happy people.

We should be grateful for the possession of average bodily and mental powers.

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Among the saddest of all features of civilized life are the places where the defectives are kept—cripples, the insane, the feeble-minded, the criminals. Such have slight share in the world's work or in its wholesome pleasures. And in many instances they are sinned against, rather than sinning. You girls have capacity to learn. You are not necessarily gifted, brilliant, but you can succeed in your studies. It seems no great thing. But when that ability is set over against the inability of many it should arouse in us a sense of gratitude.

We should be thankful for criticism. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." The teacher who corrects our errors most faithfully is the one to tie to. We are prone to think ill of the classmate who tells us our faults, face to face. We dote on the other one who speaks pleasant things always.

There is a place for praise to inspire and encourage. But the girl who is never told of her selfishness and boastfulness and inconsiderateness and pettiness and heartlessness is in a bad way.

The average girl does not look clear through to the end of a matter before she acts.

We cannot correct our faults while living in a fool's paradise, unconscious of imperfection. We owe a debt of gratitude even to unkind and ill-mannered and ill-intentioned people who would give us pain, but who in doing it reveal our faults to us.

Thanksgiving always suggests home!

It is well to remind ourselves today that all we have we have received from others: money, manners, ambition, love for the right.

And the people at home have no selfish motives in the contributions they have made to us. They have done more for us than anyone else has done or can do.

Our communications with them are not always just what they should be. The letters from pupils which parents send to me are few and exceptional in character. But letters, not a few, to the people at home are ill-written letters, are more or less consciously begging letters; fault-finding letters; meager letters; sometimes not strictly truthful letters; not always letters flowing with appreciation and gratitude. This is a good day for the right kind of a letter home.

This day in a peculiar sense suggests religion.

Life's mysteries point to a Higher Power. Life's blessings, flowing from well-ordered lives, indicate that this Higher Power is good. The way to express gratitude to God is to do our duty in common life. He may not hear us if we depend upon mere words. We can scarcely fail

to please him if we make ourselves intelligent, diligent, reverent members of society.

Dinner

Then came the Thanksgiving dinner—that annual party at which our friend turkey has so prominent a place. Already, at the very entrance of the dining-room, an air of festivity was perceptible. The room was lighted with candles and the tables were most appropriately decorated with garlands of evergreens and baskets filled with many-colored chrysanthemums. The girls sat according to their classes, the class counsellor at the head of the table, and the invited teacher at the foot. At the Dean's table there were guests both from among the Faculty and from among the Board of Trustees. The following delicious dinner was served and was heartily relished by all.

Menu

	Oyster cocktail	
	Cream of tomato soup	
Turkey		Mashed potatoes
Peas	Celery	Cranberry jelly
Whole wheat rolls		Butter
	Pickled pears	
Paradise salad		Wafers
	Mince pie à la mode	
	Coffee	
Nuts		Raisins
	Fruit	

With the serving of the coffee the "Round Toast" was sung, followed immediately by the toasts from the various classes.

College Sophomore Toast

To the Spirit of the School

In every community, as in every home, there is some one person upon whom rests the responsibility of creating that intangible something which we all recognize as the spirit of the place. This spirit is at once felt by the visitor to historic places. Who, wandering through Mt. Vernon, has not felt himself met at the threshold by the hospitable spirit of George Washington, and who in these days, traversing the Lincoln Highway, has not felt beside him the spirit of our own Lincoln?

In institutions of learning, especially in our colleges of the Middle West, the spirit has often been created by some great soul, modestly living a life of noble sacrifice, often discouraged, always patiently holding before him some great ideal, practicing the simple virtues, which after all are the test of greatness. So is our beloved School blessed with a spirit—a something altogether different from what we mean when we speak of the tone of an institution—

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something which binds us to her, strengthening the tie as the years roll on. I give you then the spirit of our Alma Mater, created by years of patient effort, by great discouragements overcome, by prayerful and earnest endeavor, by the courageous upholding of the highest ideals in times of stress. I give you also to toast in this day of the institution's success the man who has had the courage to stand firmly for that which was right, the man who has given us what we hold most dear, a man whom I need not name to you.

Freshman College Toasts

On every Tuesday for the last three weeks
The Dean has given us an advisory speech
On Habit.

The library now the book contains
And each girl rushes now to gain
New Habits.

But though for this book we all do pine,
We never forget to get in line—
We've got the Habit.

When a new dormitory someone provides,
A new gymnasium and swimming-pool besides,
When an elevator runs in College Hall,
And we get soda at the bookstore stall,
When midnight balls the faculty sustain,
Then will the Seniors their privileges gain.

Senior Toast

To the Classes

Tune, "Long, Long Ago"

Here's to the cute little Freshmen so dear,
Here's to the Freshmen,
Here's to the Freshmen.

They often long for their nurse girls, I fear
Poor little Freshmen, little Freshmen.

Infants we warn you always beware
Stick to the rules with infinite care
Don't roar at jokes no matter how rare,
Mind little Freshmen, little Freshmen.

Here's to the Sophomores so saucy and gay,
Here's to the Sophomores,
Here's to the Sophomores.

They become fatter and jollier each day
O you young Sophomores, young Sophomores.

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You are a fine bunch, yes, every lass,
But if you ask how this came to pass,
'Tis merely 'cause you are our sister class,
So here's to the Sophomores, the Sophomores.

Here's to the Juniors so few and so meek,
Here's to the Juniors,
Here's to the Juniors.
A livelier spirit is what you should seek,
Yes little Juniors, little Juniors.
How do you ever expect to be
Seniors next year is what we cannot see
For you do look always ready to flee,
Meek little, scared little Juniors.

Here's to the College girls so old and sedate,
Here's to the College girls,
Here's to the College girls.
They have increased in great numbers of late,
They've got the quantity, the quantity.
Out of your hall you have chased us away,
But we don't care, for we love Hathaway,
And quality is better than quantity away,
And we've got the quality you see.

This of our toast is the short and the long,
Listen, O classes, listen, O classes.
This is the moral of our little song,
Listen, O classes, listen.
We are the Seniors of nineteen fifteen,
A finer class has never been seen,
Take us for a pattern is the moral we mean,
Seniors of nineteen fifteen.

Junior Toast

Sing a song of Seniors,
Sedate and solemn set.
They're not four and twenty,
Only twelve as yet.
When this year is ended
They'll begin to sing.
Won't they be a happy lot
To march before the Dean?

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Sophomore Toasts

A Toast to Mother Allen

(Tune, "Mother Macree")

Oh, we love the dear silver that shines in her hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care;
She's so sweet and so gentle, her praises we'll tell,
Oh, our dear Mother Allen, we love her so well.

(Tune, "Here's to the Girl We Love")

Here's to the Frances Shimer School,
Here's to the Dean so true,
Here's to our college, the best on earth,
And Mrs. Patton too.
Here's to our campus large and fair,
Here's to the skies above
Here's to our teachers without compare,
Here's to the School we love.

Freshman Toast

J stands for jolly Juniors,
U for their unity,
N for their neat blue class gowns,
I for integrity.
Rah! Juniors!
O for their optimism
R for their righteousness
S stands for snap, smile, spirit, and some style.
Rah! for the Junior girls.

The Freshman College girls, whose counsellor is Miss Hagberg, entertained the school with a very clever "stunt." They represented a magazine from cover to cover. Harrison Fisher's picture of the "Girl and Her Trousseau" was the cover of the magazine. Old Dutch Cleanser, Firestone Tires, Community Silver, and many other well-known advertisements were attractively represented, not omitting the "Cream of Wheat" man with the four clamoring youngsters. They also gave us in motion picture style the *Romance of a Maid with a Mischievous Brother* and the drama of *How a Teacher May Spoil a Spread*. Both were well acted and duly appreciated by the attentive audience.

In the evening the Freshman College girls were again hostesses. Baskets filled with flowers formed the decorations, but the girls themselves, in their beautiful new "Thanksgiving dresses" were the best decorations of all and it was truly a very pretty occasion. Refreshments carrying out the class color scheme of green and white were served. At nine o'clock the bell rang. It sounded like a doom—jangling out the verdict, "Thanksgiving holiday is over—to work again, to work!"

Editorials

Other papers all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little,
Story, schoolmates, song or jest.
If you want a good school paper
Each of you must do your best.
—Exchange

The High Cost of Living

Truly, the high cost of living has brought results disastrous to the Frances Shimer girl. No more may she squander her monthly pittance upon gorgeous "floral tributes" to the momentary objects of her adoration, or indulge in elaborate digestion-ruining spreads. The disapproving hand of authority has fallen heavily upon spurious birthday cakes. No more may that luxury appear in the dining-room without denoting the celebration of an actual and present natal anniversary. The time when a picnic might resemble a state banquet has passed leaving a path strewn with regrets.

But among all these calamities is there not one ray of hope? May there not be an intention deeper than the mere consideration of the medium of commerce underlying the recent decree? Why not develop a thoughtful consideration for long-suffering digestive organs and feast upon a single piece of nut bread and an orange? These, with the addition of a small number of peanuts and some clear, sparkling, cold water, form a most appropriate picnic menu. Surely the face of the adored one would radiate loving appreciation if her abode were prepared each Monday for inspection. Her respect and admiration would increase by leaps when she learned of the domestic capabilities of her admirer.

It is indeed difficult to pacify the disappointment caused by thoughts of what might have been. Yet, if one is a sensible, modern sort of person, there will be much consolation in simply thinking of the "no-longer-possible." Everyone realizes the glaring harmfulness of excessive consumption of huge cake mixtures. Dear Reader, would you inflict a blight which might ruin your promising young life, for the gratification of a passing desire? All these are but suggestions; may they serve to rouse fertile brains to action.

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Events

October 17.—Professor Blanchard, from the University of Chicago, gave us a very entertaining and interesting reading of Molière's *A Doctor in Spite of Himself*. Preliminary to this, he recounted briefly Molière's life and chief works, and thus added much to the audience's interest and appreciation of the play.

October 18.—Professor Blanchard, having been requested to lead vespers, gave us a delightful, informal talk on "Interesting Pupils I Have Had." I am sure not even the most carefully prepared speech could have been more charming nor have pleased his audience better. The Frances Shimer School hopes to have the pleasure of hearing Professor Blanchard again in the very near future.

October 26.—Oh! Joy! The movies! A very good moving-picture company has come to Mt. Carroll and the School was able to secure a private production of *Quo Vadis* on Monday afternoon, October 26. All the girls went and hope it was only the first of a long moving-picture era at F.S.S.

November 14.—On Saturday evening, November 14, Mr. J. Spencer Dickerson, of Chicago, talked on "Some Western Artists." His address dealt mainly with his own personal intercourse with these artists. It contained many amusing anecdotes of the "great men's" common, everyday lives and thus made them appear more human to us. Among the men Mr. Dickerson mentioned was Mr. Wentz, who, it may be remembered by some, visited Mt. Carroll a few years ago.

November 15.—At vespers Sunday, November 15, Mr. Dickerson and Dean McKee retold a talk by J. T. McCutcheon, at the Quadrangle Club (of the University of Chicago) a few days before. This was extremely interesting and even thrilling inasmuch as it dealt with McCutcheon's war experiences abroad. When vespers were over there was a feeling that this great, terrible drama of war, which is being staged and acted afar across the ocean, is after all very near to our own peaceful existence here in Mt. Carroll.

Department Notes

English

English VI is the Shakesperean class. The pupils are studying plot and characterization, and have read *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Winter's Tale*.

True to tradition, the College Freshmen in English V have formed a "Boosters' Union." Their opportunity presented itself when Miss Brown asked each member of the English V class to talk upon any subject she wished, for a few minutes of the class period. The home town has been the choice of most. They delight in sketching the beauties of a little creek flowing through a home town, which they feel sure is the "Hudson of the West." Or, perhaps, they discuss the thrills of a home town carnival, or give some local industry a bit of gratuitous advertisement, or laud, in eloquent terms, the literary genius of a home town. Sometimes we listen to an exciting tale of a pursuit by gypsies, to the thrilling escape from the grasp of a forest fire, or a brief résumé of the characters of the most popular Mexican leaders. "These orations," however, represent but a slight part of the class members' achievements. There has appeared an unlimited number of themes upon every conceivable subject. Of late their efforts have been concentrated upon the production of outlines of articles upon the present war. Recently they began to delve into the mysteries of argumentation and the construction of briefs.

The English III class has been traveling *incog* with the Canterbury Pilgrims the past month, "by aventure y-falle in felawshipe."

Languages

The language departments are offering the same courses as before with the exception of French, which offers a fourth year besides those previously given. The Latin pupils are industriously wading through Caesar's wars, Cicero's orations, Virgil's *Aeneid*, and Horace's odes.

Miss Pierson's French pupils are reading books both by modern and by mediaeval writers. They are at present reading some plays by Molière, Victor Hugo's *Les misérables*, and Labiche and Martin's *Voyage de M. Perrichon*. They especially enjoyed Mr. Blanchard's reading of Molière's *A Doctor in Spite of Himself*. They also greatly enjoyed Miss Howard's solo from Gounod's *Faust*.

The German classes are studying *Immensee* and *Hermon und Dorothea* and are finding them very interesting. The second-year pupils, besides reading *Immensee* and doing their regular prose work, have been writing some German compositions and telling German stories. Dr. Bräunlich has a German table for this class and they have great fun trying to carry on an interesting conversation in German. The third-year class is now anxiously awaiting its turn at the German table.

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History

Ancient history is a most interesting subject. Naturally Egypt is the country first taken up, on account of its early civilization. The geography is studied, its influence on the history of the country and the progress which the Egyptians made in civilization. Along with this work, a series of readings and map work is furnished. The monuments of Egypt, such as the pyramids of Gizeh, were found of interest. The Tigris-Euphrates states are then taken up. They are not studied so intensively, as we have today fewer sources. The study of the Phoenicians and Hebrews is useful as they have contributed so many things to our civilization. The class is now studying Greece, its geography, civilization, and contributions to our modern life.

With feudalism for a background the rise of the French and German nationalities has been claiming the attention of the modern history class. The dramatic struggle of the Holy Roman Empire for supremacy in Europe has given a few concrete ideas of the important place that the church held during the Middle Ages. Lately a study of the Crusades and the rise of the mediaeval towns has made it necessary that we clear up some of our vague notions about European and Mediterranean geography and much to our surprise we are finding ourselves in many of the very centers of the present European conflict.

The class in Old Testament history spent the early weeks of the semester in a brief study of the beginnings of Israel, as a people chosen to represent God to the other nations. Later we studied how, after this early patriarchal stage, followed by long periods of bondage and of wandering in the wilderness, these tribes emerged from the desert, and, spurred by a great ambition to acquire territory and extend their authority, in two short centuries became a strong nation and later a great empire. It is during this period when Israel ceased to be provincial and came in contact with other world powers that we have followed the nation through grave political, social, and religious crises which called forth the great ethical teachers, the prophets, whom we have admired for their courage, their lofty ideals, their unselfish devotion to their nation and God. Incidentally we have noted that the history of this nation has been not only the source of our religion but also the inspiration of much that is best in art, music, and literature.

Mathematics

Mathematics in a girls' boarding-school is not the most popular of subjects. With the exception of a few "sharks" who actually enjoy problems, this department is filled with girls anxious to get through

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these required subjects in order that they may graduate and enter college, so that there they may take more "required math."

Science

Chemistry.—In chemistry we are finding out of what and how things are made. Aside from studying texts and performing experiments, we try to find an application in the commercial world of all these substances known so well by people "in the business" but almost unknown to the rest of us. In connection with our study of ammonia we visited the artificial ice plant and actually saw water freeze into ice.

Physiology.—This class is taking up a very practical course, studying the body in a general way, so that the knowledge will be beneficial to each individual. The pupils have studied the main parts of the body and the organs and bones in connection with the circulatory, digestive, and respiratory systems. Laboratory experiments accompany the text and serve to make the work more interesting and realistic.

Physics.—The physics pupils have labored as usual to get their notebooks ready to be handed in Saturday evenings. They have studied mechanics and molecular motion and are ready to begin heat. They had a practical demonstration of levers with a load of hay under the supervision of the Dean.

Botany.—This class began with a study of the lowest forms of plant life and is now ready to begin the bryophytes. The field trips are a very important feature of the course. The most interesting trip taken this year was the one to the Cave. Several very important and unusual forms of plant life were found, among which were: moss, in all stages of development; the walking fern; and the yew-tree, which is a rather uncommon plant in this state.

Political Economy

The work in political economy covers consumption, production, exchange, the labor problem, etc. The work is developed in an outline book of questions and problems. A moderate amount of notebook work is included and much outside reading on which the questions in the outline are based. Practical problems of modern life are discussed in class, giving the student an understanding of business problems and the manner in which they are met by society.

The work is offered one semester and is open to second-year college students only.

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Home Economics

This is the first year in which a two years' course leading to graduation has been offered to College girls. This semester the prospective graduates are studying, besides physiology and costume design, the principles of cookery and the teaching of home economics.

Most of the work done in the College cooking class has been of an experimental nature to enable the members of the class to discover for themselves the principles involved in the preparation of food. They have studied the subject of proteids, including meats, fish, poultry, eggs, cheese, and at present are experimenting with batters. The class has prepared and served a luncheon and a breakfast under the direction of Miss McDonald, and a breakfast with no assistance, planning the menu and making the assignments of work. One student acts as hostess, another as maid, and a third as manager, directing the preparations in the kitchen by the remainder of the class. Several members of the faculty and some out-of-town visitors have been guests at these meals.

In connection with observation the students of the teaching of home economics class visited the Freeport and Savanna high schools, making the journeys by automobile. At Freeport, the cooking class prepared and served a luncheon for the observers. As domestic science has just been introduced into the Savanna High School, there was an excellent opportunity for the future teachers to make some unusually helpful observations. The class has also done observation work several times in the Mt. Carroll school. The attention of the class has been directed to the equipment and the general conditions of the school buildings, although their principal object has been the observation of the methods of teaching, the teachers, and the pupils. There has been opportunity for a small amount of practical training, each member of the class having conducted the Academy cooking class, after preparing her own lesson plan. Much theoretical instruction has been obtained from reports from Bagley's *Classroom Management*.

The Academy cooking class began their course with lessons in canning and preserving and have had experience in preparing beverages, vegetables, meats, and eggs. With the College class they have made two excursions to the meat market to learn the cuts of meat and the manner of cutting. They, also, have prepared and served two breakfasts and a luncheon, following the plan used by the College class.

This department has a social side, for on the twenty-third of November, in Science Hall, Miss McDonald was hostess at one of the most enjoyable parties in the history of Frances Shimer School. Most of the guests came arrayed like Priscilla or Pocahontas.

Household Arts

"The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike."

We now have twenty-two College girls taking work in the Department of Household Art. The classes this semester are open only to College girls but next semester Academic pupils may take sewing and home sanitation.

In the study of textiles in the laboratory the tests for adulteration of fabrics have just been completed. The aim in this work is to train the girls to become intelligent consumers. It is the growing emphasis upon textile study in college departments of household arts, and the increasing use of the textile industry as teaching material in other departments that shows a recognition of the part that textiles are playing in the development of civilization and in our everyday life.

The Sophomore College girls in the class in costume design are now modeling and draping chiffon and velvet waists, using a three-color combination. Their next problem will be a dress in which they will apply their knowledge of mass and line as well as color.

The members of the sewing and drafting classes are very busy making waists. The last garment to be made in this course will be a dress. This problem will be an application of the knowledge they have gained of construction, seams, etc.

Pupils in this department are encouraged to read the daily papers and magazines, and reports on articles of interest to the consumer are given in class.

Secretarial

The secretarial course offered at the Frances Shimer School is taken by College students and others who have completed a high-school course or its equivalent. It is the aim of this department to fit students to take notes in shorthand and transcribe them accurately from university lecturers if they pursue further academic courses at some university; to take positions as secretaries if they have had sufficient college training; or as stenographers if they are high-school graduates. English is required. Psychology, history, and German or French are earnestly recommended to be taken, in the regular classes of the Junior College.

Music

Mabel Ross Rhead, pianist, gave a very delightful recital in Metcalf Hall on November 7. The charm of Madam Rhead's playing lies, not only in her well-developed technique, but above all in the possession of

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that which so few pianists have, a real musical temperament. Her interpretation of the Beethoven "Variations" was a revelation. Also her beautiful pianissimo and full warm tone should be mentioned. The program rendered was:

Caprice Alceste	
Fantasia and Fugue, G Minor	Gluck-Saint Saëns
Thirty-two Variations	Bach-Liszt
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2	Beethoven
Ballade, Op. 52	Chopin
Etude, D Flat	Chopin
Andante from Sonata, Op. 5	Liszt
Scherzo, Op. 4	Brahms
	Brahms

On November 23 the recital given in Metcalf Hall by Edna Alice Howard and Maude Zencie Hagberg was most interesting and displayed the usual charm and ability of these musicians.

The program was as follows:

Balade et Air de Bijoux—Faust	Gounod
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MISS HOWARD

Whims	}	
At Evening		
Soaring		
Conclusion		
		Schumann

MISS HAGBERG

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair	Haydn
Cradle Song	Hildach
My Lover, He Comes on the Skee	Clough-Leigher

MISS HOWARD

Barcarolle	Liadow
Gretchen am Spinnrade	Schubert-Liszt

MISS HAGBERG

We are glad to announce that those wishing instruction in violin may now have the opportunity, Mrs. Hartman having been engaged as a member of the music faculty. Her playing in Chapel the morning of November 24 was very pleasing and much enjoyed.

The special music for Thanksgiving service was furnished by the Glee Club, showing good work in their rendition of the "Recessional" by DeKoven, and "O Lovely Peace" by Handel.

Vocal and instrumental solos given by pupils have added interest to the Chapel period of several Friday mornings.

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A few of the faculty and music students attended the recital given by Madam Schumann-Heink at Clinton, Iowa.

Misses Hagberg, Bragg, and Englebrecht were in Rockford, Illinois, on November 12 to hear Tina Lerner, pianist.

We anticipate great pleasure in hearing Miss Florence Macbeth, of the Century Grand Opera Company, in recital in Metcalf Hall on December 4.

On December 7 pupils of piano and voice will give a recital.

The Art Studio

Many interesting hours are spent daily in the art studio on the third floor of West Hall. The surroundings are attractive and artistic, there are many pieces of new and old pottery, draperies, and the casts necessary in composing studies. About fifteen regular students and the inspiring teacher, and also a small class of town children who come for a few hours on Saturday afternoon enjoy the studio. A few who are beginning this year are at work in charcoal and colored chalks; the more advanced are producing interesting sketches of still life or scenes in pen and ink and water colors; and the still more advanced are engaged in work with oils. There is also the china painting for which the west room is set apart. I am sure everyone who works in the studio is loath to leave, for when the bell rings for the end of the hour, a prolonged groan is heard from each who must leave her easel and return to the classroom.

Expression

The first public expression recital given by the Senior expression class, Saturday, November 21, was Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, in which no costumes or scenery were used, and the characters were taken by different girls in the different scenes so that the audience had an opportunity of seeing one girl in several characters. The task was a rather difficult one and the girls acquitted themselves with much credit.

The following girls took part: Misses Elizabeth Darnell, Dorothy Fargo, Marie Melgaard, Grace Oberheim, Josephine Ogden, Nellie Rice, Ellen Patch, and Florence Sisler.

The beginning expression classes give occasional afternoon recitals. The last one was given on Friday afternoon, December 5, open to the public. The following selections were rendered:

"On the Other Train"	Celestine Dahmen
"The Day of Judgment"	Julia Cargill
"Emmy Lou"	Helen Kingery
"Breaking the Charm"	Wilma Prange
"A Doctrinal Discussion"	Carol Pierson

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Athletics

Outdoor sports, tennis, golf, and outdoor basket-ball, have given place to indoor work, Swedish, club-swinging, and indoor ball.

The Match Game

Maroons

LINE-UP

Florence Stewart	Center	Margaret Anderson
Florabelle Reinach	R. forward	Coventry Platt (Capt.)
Dell Henry	L. forward	Naoma Newell
Gertrude Schultes (Capt.)	R. guard	Sylva Annenberg
Helen Moore	L. guard	Julia Cargill

Golds

SUBSTITUTES

Helene Bowersox	Forward	Virginia Wales
Roberta Bent	Guard	Grace Oelschlaeger

On Thanksgiving morning, the gym was the scene of an intensely exciting battle. Then it was that the Maroons and Golds met and struggled. On one side were ranged the loyal supporters of the Golds, who hurled defiance at the Maroons, seated on the opposite side.

After some preliminaries, the shrill whistle of the referee announced the beginning of the combat. At once there began a mad scramble for the elusive ball, which sped now to one goal, now to another. A skilful Gold threw the ball with careful aim and landed it in the basket. A mighty shout of joy came from the champions of the Gold. Two points already gained! The Maroons set to work with grim determination spurred on by inspiring cries from their supporters. Their endeavors brought encouraging results, for soon the score was even and at the end of the first half was 10 to 8 in favor of the Maroons.

Then the warring gladiators withdrew for a few minutes' rest, while their supporters fairly rocked the walls with yells and the noise of dust-pans and alarm clocks. The game started again. At first both sides kept almost even, but as the battle progressed the Maroons became jubilant; they gained a point and kept ahead for the remainder of the half. The final score was 18 to 13 in favor of the Maroons. Mr. Nathaniel Miles, who refereed the game, said it was the prettiest team work he had ever seen at Frances Shimer.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The Y.W.C.A. Friday evening meetings have had unusual interest. *October 23.*—Miss Brown led a camp-fire meeting on the campus. Subject: "God's Out of Doors."

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October 30.—Leader: Lillian Sturdevant.

Subject: "A Christian at School."

November 6.—Fireside Meeting. Leader: Mrs. McKee.

Subject: "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth."

November 13.—Leader: Grace Oelschlaeger.

Subject: "The Child in the Midst," Chap. 1—an international symposium of mothers. Delegates were present from India, China, Japan, Korea, Africa, Persia, Syria, and the United States. Each girl dressed in the costume of the nation she represented and told us about infant welfare in many lands.

November 20.—Leader: Ellen Phillips.

Subject: a report of the Central Field Conference of the Y.W.C.A. held in Chicago at the Fourth Presbyterian Church on November 7 and 8. Miss Phillips was sent as a delegate from our Association.

November 27.—Fireside meeting—a Thanksgiving meditation. Leader: Ellen Phillips.

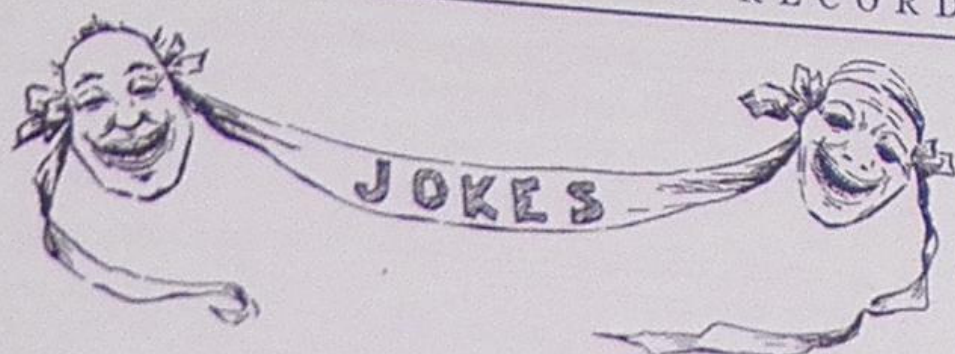
The Social Committee is to be commended for the interest it has aroused by various after-dinner entertainments in the Association rooms.

Everybody is working hard for the success of the bazaar to be given on Saturday evening, December 5. The booths will be in charge of the various classes. An added attraction will be a "Kindergarten Play."

Somewhere in the great hold of the Christmas Ship which sailed November 10, loaded with America's gifts to the children of Europe, was a box of children's clothing from our Association.

The Social Committee is working hard on the plans for the annual Christmas party and tree—with a present for everybody—to be given Monday afternoon, December 14.

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D. Fargo to Miss Kenyon: "Putting one scene of this *Merchant of Venice* into good English, so I could learn it, has taken me four solid study periods."

Some Statistics of the Senior Academy Class

Weight of brain: "heaviest," Clara Walker; close upon her, Celestine Dahmen, Catherine Morras; "lightest" Chuckie Norris, Elizabeth Sjöholm, Mariam Flint.

Oldest: statistics stolen from contributors strong box.

Youngest: All "just turned thirteen."

F.S.S. "luns" Whom the Staff "Best Lufs"

The student who threatens to sue us in the circuit court if we have a joke about her.

The alumna who is too very busy to answer our communication.

The student who promises a contribution and then changes her mind.

Gertrude: Who ate my nice red apple?

Faith and Alice (in unison): Like young George Washingtons we cannot tell a lie. We must confess that we are the culprits.

Gertrude: Oh, say! thats a good one on you. Mother Allen just fixed it up for me with my medicine in it.

Spruiking of Ages

Student: Did you ever go to a boarding-school?

Teacher: Yes, in Minneapolis.

Student: At Stanley Hall?

Teacher: No, Stanley Hall was not there when I went to school.

Student: Why, it is an awfully old school.

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From an anxious mother in reply to her daughter's letter: "I think it is quite enough for you to take French and German without taking Swedish, too."

Overheard in English

E. (reading): "'The parlor is furnished attractively, and everything is always in proper order.'"

Teacher: "Why was that sentence put in?"

E.: "To show us the condition of the parlor in contrast to our rooms, I suppose."

A student in history of music gave the following in answer to the question, "Name the five greatest composers." Answer: "Beethoven, Mozart, Chloroform, Lead, and Ether."

Assignment as taken by a Freshman: "(3rd our Friday)—Before chapel—first 14 pages of text."

Some Belt!

Miss Lilly (in Chaucer proceeding after a pause for comment): "Where were we?"

C. D. (translating the next line): "Under his belt."

C. D.: Hey, Chuckie, can you lend me some socks for the baby party tonight?"

Chuckie: "No. Why don't you go to Bowersox to borrow sox?"

If Connie couldn't go to sleep would Clara Walker (walk her)?

G. C. (laboriously attempting a time exposure of the room): "Oh, Roomy, I just can't take this without a trapeze to rest the kodak on."

Mr. Dickerson (to teacher on duty as she excuses herself "to go to tuck the children in"): "When you get them all tucked in are you all tucked out?"

Mother Allen to Lillian Sturdevant (who was complaining of her "corpulentency"): "Diet—eat onions—that's the secret of life."

Lillian: "Yes, but how can I keep my secret?"

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Sophomore Policy: Never do today what the teacher will forget to call for tomorrow.

Teacher: "Was Miss ——'s mother a school teacher?"

Girl: "I should say not—she's the sweetest lady!"

A goat ate all our other jokes
And then began to run.
"I cannot stop," he softly said,
"I am so full of fun."

Exchanges

The Midway.—You have some excellent literary material. Your descriptions are particularly good.

Ogontz Mosaic.—The pictures help to make your magazine interesting.

College Breezes.—"The Concept of Personality in Education" is excellent. A few stories would help your paper.

Recorder.—You have a wide-awake school periodical.

The Wabash Record.—Your paper is a very accurate record of facts but has little of interest to outsiders.

Phaetra.—We enjoy getting your issue because the articles contained in it are instructive and worth reading. The poems are very pretty and introduce variety.

The Young Eagle.—Your Eagle is well edited. Please mention us among your exchanges.

Kemper Hall Kodak.—A very artistic paper. Your editorial on "The New Girl" is very good.

Jabberwock.—We welcome this breezy little issue from the East and hope that it will continue to be among our exchanges.

Picayune.—A very good paper but too much space is given to locals, alumni, class notes, etc.

The College Greetings.—Your paper is original and helpful.

Others received are *The Picket* and *Ferry Hall Almanack*.

Guests

Miss Geneva Seeger, University of Nebraska; Miss Ruth Jencks, Ottawa, Ill.; Miss Irma Braunlich, Miss Helen Gude, Davenport, Ia.; Mr. S. E. Mortenson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mortenson, Chicago; Miss Della Claussen, Chicago; Mr. Ezra E. Miller, Freeport, Ill.; Mr. and

Mrs. Hunter von Hof, Mr. and Mrs. Charles von Hof, Chicago; Professor Frederick Blanchard, Dr. J. M. P. Smith, Professor P. G. Mode, Dr. Edgar Goodspeed, Dr. Shailer Mathews, University of Chicago; Miss Florence Macbeth, Century Opera Company, Chicago; Mr. J. Spencer Dickerson, University of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Buck and family, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Miss Frances Mandl, Chicago; Miss Steadman, Chicago Heights; Miss Fay Fleming, Garden Grove, Ia.; Miss Edith Prine, Perry, Ia.; Mrs. C. R. Brownell, South Bend, Neb.; Mrs. S. A. Gerstley, Chicago; Miss Frances Gutwillig, Chicago; Mrs. Mabel S. Powell, Marshall, Mich.; Mrs. Mabel Ross Rhead, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. E. L. Swanson, Bishop Hill, Ill.; Mr. U. K. Aranoff, Chicago; Miss Miriam Sampson, Gertrude House, Chicago; Mrs. Anna Stewart, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. J. Crocker and family, Maroa, Ill.; Dr. E. R. Shannon, Waterloo, Ia.; Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Wales, Lanark, Ill.; Miss Genevieve Noble, Keithsburg, Ill.; Mrs. Frank Percey, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mr. J. I. Newell, Tampico, Mexico; Mr. V. L. McElvain, Mr. A. T. McElvain, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. Clara Hoff, Waterloo, Ia.; Mr. Wilbert Morassy, Sheffield, Ill.; Mr. L. A. Ruhl, Des Moines, Ia.

Letters

Something "Printable"

When one is told to write something—anything—for a paper, just so it is printable, one wonders just what something—anything—printable might be. I thought I had stood by the *Record* nobly when I was in school, and had done my best to make it come up to the required thirty-two pages per number; so I confess that I was slightly surprised when this startling and puzzling demand for something printable—well, anyway, it was nice of them to give one otherwise unlimited choice.

Naturally, now that I am in college, my thoughts are greatly taken up with my college—its traditions, its work, its family, its campus—the institution as a whole. Fear not, I have no intentions of giving you a lot of statistics and dry facts. If you want that, the catalogues are on the left end of the top shelf at the east end of your library. College life here is in many ways not very different from boarding-school life at Frances Shimer. We get up at six-thirty, have study hours and recitations and meals at regular intervals; that is school régime. The girls, of course, are older, and have a more fixed purpose in life.

One thing that we have an excess of here is hills and stairs. (That "hills and stairs" is one idea, so it has a singular verb.) It does reduce,

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but it's hard work, and my first gift to the college shall be elevators. The campus is very beautiful, owing to these same hills, and down in a hollow between two is a lake. We call it a lake, that is, although some who do not know the Western way refer to it as the pond. It is small, I admit. They say that when it is cleaned, the Dean takes out the water in a little pail and keeps it in the office until time to put it back. I have never seen this done, and so I cannot vouch for the truth of it.

One of the very finest things about Western, many of us think, is the new gymnasium with its swimming-pool. I shall turn into some kind of an aquatic animal soon, I am sure, for I haunt the "pool room." Probably some of my friends will laugh when they think of my swimming, but I assure them that I have not *fallen down* once in the water. (Lanark and Lee Center papers please copy.) I am firmly convinced that a swimming-pool has been Frances Shimer's greatest lack, although I fear me that Dean McKee doesn't see it that way; and I suppose that a Science Hall really was greatly needed.

One of the nicest things about going anywhere to a school like Frances Shimer, one can ever after be "an old girl." Some way there is a charm to that name. I'm coming back to Frances Shimer as soon as ever I can, for my allegiance has not yet been entirely transplanted to Western. I wonder if any new girls would be as curious to see me as I was to see those who came before me.

Very often I have visions of familiar sights there. Bob and Wesley are hastening to fix someone's door-lock or radiator. The rack is full of yellow envelopes—pay-day! There is a multitude of sounds from Dearborn and a multitude of smells from the chemistry laboratory at the other end of the campus. There is a sign in the Dean's writing on the bulletin board, and before it a bevy of girls are wondering what in the world or out of it he does or does not want us to do. Virgil is assembled on the back stairs. J. M. B. has just received proof sheets of a new song. C. M. C. wants everyone to come to class meeting tonight—please. E. P., at two o'clock, has her hat on to go down town and D. M. F. is arrayed in rubbers. R. B. C. has a minus. We are enjoined to come to Y.W. tonight. There are deviled eggs in the students' parlor. Glee Club is at four-twenty; please be prompt!

Now exactly what sort of a composition would you call this? It is rambling, to say the least. It lacks unity, emphasis, and coherence in the superlative degree. But I wonder—is it printable?

MABEL LLOYD HUGHES, '14

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

CHICAGO, November 21, 1914

DEAR "FRANCES SHIMERITES":

There is so much to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. I suppose I had better start with what is nearest, and that is the Chicago-Minnesota football game, just half a block from the house. When we went to get our tickets a few days ago there was not even standing-room left, so you can imagine what a huge crowd was there. The motors are drawn up for several blocks, and that enormous concrete grandstand is simply packed. Last night I went to the big mass meeting in Bartlett Gymnasium. Three of the very best men are out today—badly crippled up—so there was not very much hope last night. Everybody left, feeling that if sheer will-power and courage could win that game against "brute strength," we should win. The strangest part is that we seem to be doing it. I have just called up the University of Chicago office. It is twenty minutes of four, the end of the third quarter, and the score is 7-6 in Chicago's favor. By the time I get to the end of this letter I can tell you the final score.

Hardly a day passes that I do not see some Frances Shimer girl. Of course you know that Elizabeth Rubinkam, Agnes Prentice, Catherine Creager, and Carolyn Green are going to the University. I see Catherine very seldom, but I come across Carolyn and Agnes strolling along to classes. Agnes is wearing a happy little grin. Looks as though college agreed with her. Carolyn is just as unruffled as ever. I almost expected her to call out, "I must go down town this afternoon." But now she talks about places and things that outsiders would not even understand. Elizabeth is such a little student that you would hardly know her—studies every evening until six over in Harper Library, and decorates the University dances on Friday and Saturday nights. Edith Parker is taking singing lessons in the Fine Arts Building. So far we have not discovered whether her voice is mezzo alto or lyric bass, but we are hoping to hear it soon. Edith is going to Mineral Point to spend Thanksgiving with Annette. She was planning to have a home party, but for one reason or another the rest of us were unable to go. On her way East Annette stayed here about a week, and also stopped over on her way home, so we have seen her several times this fall. She is staying home this year and keeping house. Says she enjoys it a lot.

Last week I received a card from Ruth Chester from Asheville, North Carolina. Ruthie just went down a week ago and I think she intends to stay until almost Christmas time. She wrote that the weather was glorious and that she was having a lovely time.

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Miss Boyd is teaching in the Lyceum Arts Conservatory in the Fine Arts Building. She is only three floors below me, but I seldom see her down there, because we are both so busy.

About five weeks ago Eva Roberts, an old Shimer girl, came through Chicago on her way to California. Dorothy Creager happened to be in the city at the same time. Several of the girls came over to see me that afternoon and we thought it would be a fine plan to have a reunion of F.S.S. girls from Eva Roberts' class to meet ours. We met at Delvie's tearoom at five o'clock the next Wednesday afternoon. About twenty girls came—pretty good when you consider that there were only about twenty-five in the city then. So many were there that I cannot remember all without my list. The two Hakes girls and Ruth Earhart came from Northwestern. Margaret Gage Zimmerman, Miss Don, and Dorothy Creager also came. I cannot remember the names of the rest of the *old* girls, but the Chicago girls from last year's graduating class were well represented. We had two tables reserved where we could watch the dancing and yet talk without disturbing people. Several times the orchestra played some of Miss Boyd's music, especially the Frances Shimer Song. We are to have another tea there just before Christmas, so if any of you are to be in Chicago about that time, be sure to let us know.

I am forgetting to tell you that Mary Seaman has a studio in—I cannot think of the name of the town, but it is out West—where she is teaching expression. Martha White writes me that she is teaching down near the border line of New Mexico—teaching a lot of little Spanish Mexicans from kindergarten to sixth grade. I do hope that she will be careful about giving them their "Senior privileges."

Vivian is living in Pasadena, taking a few studies and singing in a church choir. That is about all I know of her. I expect to see her when I go west this next summer. We are going to Portland to live for two years and I hope to see as many of the western girls as possible. Until June I am going to keep on with the work I am doing now at the Anna Morgan Studio—perfectly fascinating work in dramatic art, Shakespeare, and ballroom and interpretive dancing. It does not sound like much work, but the deeper in you get the more things you find to do.

Won't you write me soon and tell me how everything is going in Mt. Carroll? We Chicago girls are always glad to hear any F.S.S. news. Quite a few of us are planning to come down in February, you know. Until then, goodbye and much love to each of you.

THELISE FALKENAU

P.S.—Just got the returns from the game—13-7—in favor of Minnesota. The least said the better.

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Inspection

FOR THE QUARTER SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 1914

PERFECT ROOMS

West Hall: Ruby Worner; Margaret Anderson.

Hathaway Hall: Hazel Leighty; Frances Yule; Pauline Smith; Elva Eichorn; Mary Brigham; Katherine Morras.

College Hall: Julia Cargill; Faith Buck; Emma Percy; Elizabeth Percy; Mattie Mortensen; Lucile Miller; Clara Seybold; Lois Waite; Agnes Collins; Vivian Shumway; Winifred Inglis; Helen Kingery; Dorothy Fargo; Berneda Pierson; Carol Pierson; Lois Linebarger; Alice Scyres.

The Scattered Family

Bernice Ayres, '11, is a Junior at Lake Forest College this year.

Mrs. Carrie Plimpton Fegtly, '77, lives at 1540 West Tenth St., Des Moines, Ia.

Mrs. Birma Skinner Simpson's address is corner of Avon and Goodrich avenues, St. Paul, Minn.

The address of Mrs. Alice Briggs Duer, '69, is changed to 1663 Winfield St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Helen Griffis, '10-'11, is at her home in Fort Mort, N.J. She has spent the last three years in Porto Rico.

Mrs. Hazel Cooper Lynch, '10, acted as judge in Alamosa, Colo., at the recent election and cast her first vote.

News has been received of the death of the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Orcutt. Mrs. Orcutt was Mary Hazelton, '02.

Miss James, former lady principal, is still in charge of the Y.W.C.A. of Portland, Ore., which numbers over six thousand members.

A Spencer, Ia., paper makes the following announcement: "Edwin Goedicke to Miss Fern Youde, '13-'14, at Sioux Falls, S.D., on September 28, 1914."

Married in Indianola, Ill., Wednesday, October 21, 1914, Susie B. Matkin '05-'06, and Mr. Wilbur Gibbs. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs are at home at Indianola.

Julia Hickman, '14, is studying piano at home this year in Benton. She is also accompanying a class of sixteen violin pupils with whom she is to give a recital soon.

Gertrude Board, '97, has been the recent guest of Mrs. Isabel D. Hazzen, Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Hazzen was the teacher of vocal music for twenty years, leaving in 1900.

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A letter from Miss Delana Bailey, '91, and member of the faculty from 1900 to 1913, reports that she continues to enjoy her work as stenographer to Messrs. Carey and Kerr of Portland, Ore.

Cards were received announcing the marriage of Ruhamah Mitchell, '13-'14, to Mr. Hunter von Hof on November 5, at Des Moines, Ia. Mr. and Mrs. von Hof are at home in Oak Park, where Mr. von Hof is in business with his father.

A letter from Mrs. Sarah F. Stewart, '70-'71, contains interesting news about her work as district secretary for Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota. Her headquarters are in Minneapolis at the home of Mrs. George B. Darling, 327 Nineteenth Ave. South. Mrs. Stewart expects to attend the board meeting in Chicago, December 15, and to visit the School.

The Twin City Frances Shimer School Club met with Mrs. Loie Kelly Thompson, 3208 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, October 17. Those present were: Mrs. Ida Warden Cherry, Misses Helen and Bettie Hewitt, Miss Mary Joselyn, Mrs. Gertrude E. Moore, Mrs. Nellie Graham George, Mrs. Ella Straight Gregory, Mrs. Elva Calkins Briggs. Mrs. George gave a very interesting account of her recent visit to Egypt.

At Northwood, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mackay, on Monday, November 30, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Devina, to Mr. Clem Austin of Chicago. Miss Mackay was a graduate of Frances Shimer '02, Illinois '06, and has since done graduate work in Vassar, Smith, and the University of Michigan. For the last year she has been a member of State Eugenics Commission of Michigan. Following a reception Mr. and Mrs. Austin left for Cuba, Panama, and a cruise around South America to Buenos Ayres, where Mr. Austin will serve as advisory engineer to the American Hoist and Derrick Company, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Among the *Record* subscriptions received since we last went to press are the following: Miss Elsie Morrison, Milwaukee, Wis.; Lillian Sturdevant, Pekin; Irene Grant, Milwaukee, Wis.; Abbie L. Bosworth, Elgin; Margaret Powell, Marshall, Mich.; Mabel Hughes, Gurnee; Mrs. S. T. Lillard, Rhame, Tex.; Mrs. W. F. Brewer, Bozeman, Mont.; Edith L. Gould, Eaton, Ohio; Dora Spath, Minneapolis, Minn.; Grace M. Bawdem, Mt. Carroll; Mrs. W. E. Robinson, Springfield; Miss Sarah Hostetter, R.F.D., Mt. Carroll; Mrs. M. L. Patton, Chicago; Gertrude Van Avery, Eldora, Ia.; Miss Delana Bailey, Portland, Ore.; Mary I. Hunter, Mt. Carroll; Miriam Sampson, Chicago; Martha White, Silver City, N.M.; Lucile Deutsche, Chicago; Mrs. Hazel C.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Lynch, Alamosa, Colo.; Frances R. Coleman, Mt. Carroll; Mr. C. W. Freligh, Boston, Ohio; Jessie Campbell, Mt. Carroll.

Miss Carol Robinson, daughter of Mrs. W. E. Robinson, '76, has the following complimentary notice in the *Chicago Music News* of October 30:

Miss Robinson is, first of all, assistant teacher to Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, and as such she prepares many pupils to go to Mrs. Zeisler. This in itself is honor enough, but Miss Robinson is extremely well known further for her remarkably good playing of piano. In fact, the two items might properly be grouped together, for she is so excellent a pianist through her faithful study with Mrs. Zeisler, and it is because of her original talent as well as her splendid qualities as a student that she became assistant to the great artist, Mrs. Zeisler.

Miss Robinson was one of the players in the recent piano contest in Chicago and was honored with second place on the list, a very distinct honor in view of the splendid qualities of many others of the players involved, and also because, through the generosity of Mr. Charles G. Dawes, this carried with it a cash prize of \$150, and also the arrangement that later in the season Miss Robinson is to give a recital before the American Society of Musicians.

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